

**WHY?**

"My Husband Is the Only Man I Ever Loved."

**WHY DID LOUISE SUYDAM WRONG THE HUSBAND SHE LOVED FOR A MAN SHE DID NOT LOVE?**

"I Have Learned That the Wages of Sin Is Death—And Worse."

**WHY?**

**WHY?**

A woman lies in a lonely grave at Philadelphia; an old mother's head is bowed in sorrow for the daughter that was; a husband's for the wife that was; an aged couple mourn their son.

And why?

A few weeks before her body was found cold in death in the flat that was to have been the home of all happiness, Louise Laurence White Suydam—for Noble never truly was her name—broke down and wept in the arms of a friend.

Between choking sobs she confessed that she had made a great mistake, the greatest a woman can make.

"I don't love Fred Noble," she sobbed. "I never loved him. I never loved any man but my husband—my real husband—Walter Suydam."

Yet Mrs. Suydam of her own free will had left that husband, had renounced her good name and all that a woman holds most dear for Fred Noble.

Why?—Since she did not love Fred Noble, not even at the beginning of the pitiful interweaving of their lives.

Why did she give up everything, riches and love and honor and the respect of the world, for this man, whom she did not love?

Was it because, surrounded by every luxury, surfeited by the riches her millionaire husband heaped at her feet, living the life of idleness ordained by her "position in society," she came to loathe herself, her husband, her own love?

Is "society" to blame? Society, that affects sneering cynicism, that seeks sensation rather than emotion, that searches always for "thrills," and pretends to despise all the old, steadfast, homely things?

Would it have been different if Walter Suydam, the young millionaire, had been a poor man, compelled to earn his living by the sweat of his brow? If he, the husband, had left their home each morning to earn money for her, and she, the wife, had spent the day, working for his comfort and dwelling on the dearth of his coming home?

Was it because of the children who died?

Would it have been different if the children had lived? Would they have constituted a bond between Walter Suydam and the wife he loved and who loved him, and prevented the sordid tragedy that ended in unlovely death Sunday?

Was it Suydam's fault?